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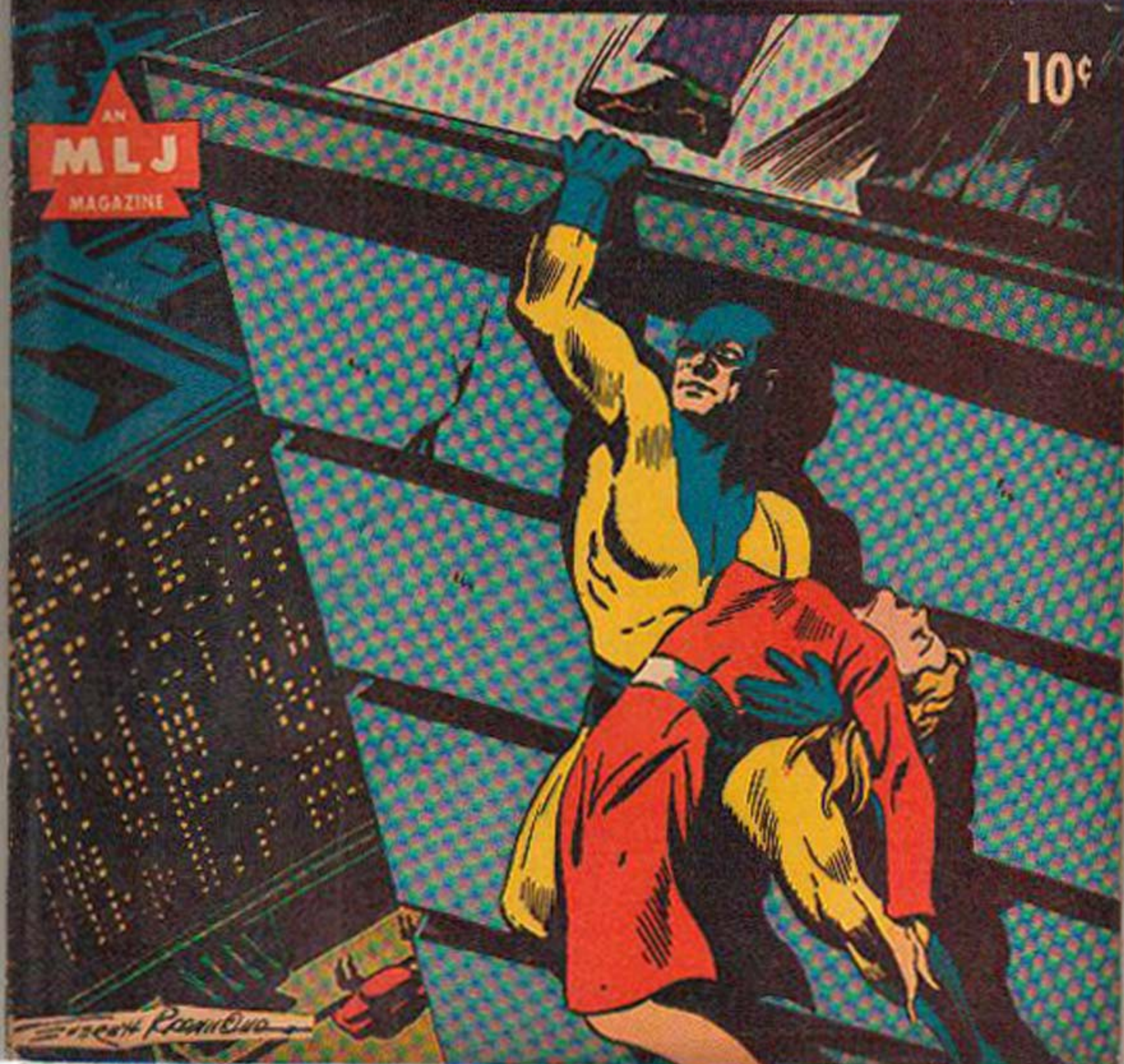
BLACK HOOD

FALL

comics

10¢

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Given

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

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GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



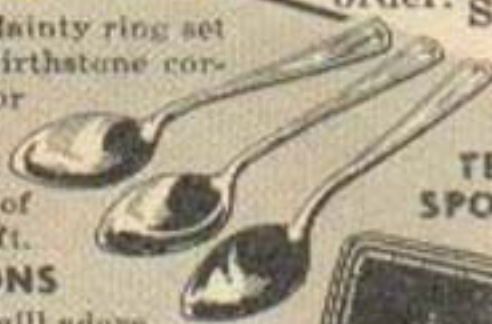
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6 TEASPOONS



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Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.



SEND TODAY

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Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-496, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

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Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

BLACK HOOD COMICS, FALL, 1945, Volume 1, Number 16. Published quarterly by M. L. J. Magazines, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Mo. Editorial offices: 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entire contents copyrighted, 1945, by M. L. J. Magazines. Yearly subscription, 40c in the U. S. A. Single copies, 10c. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.

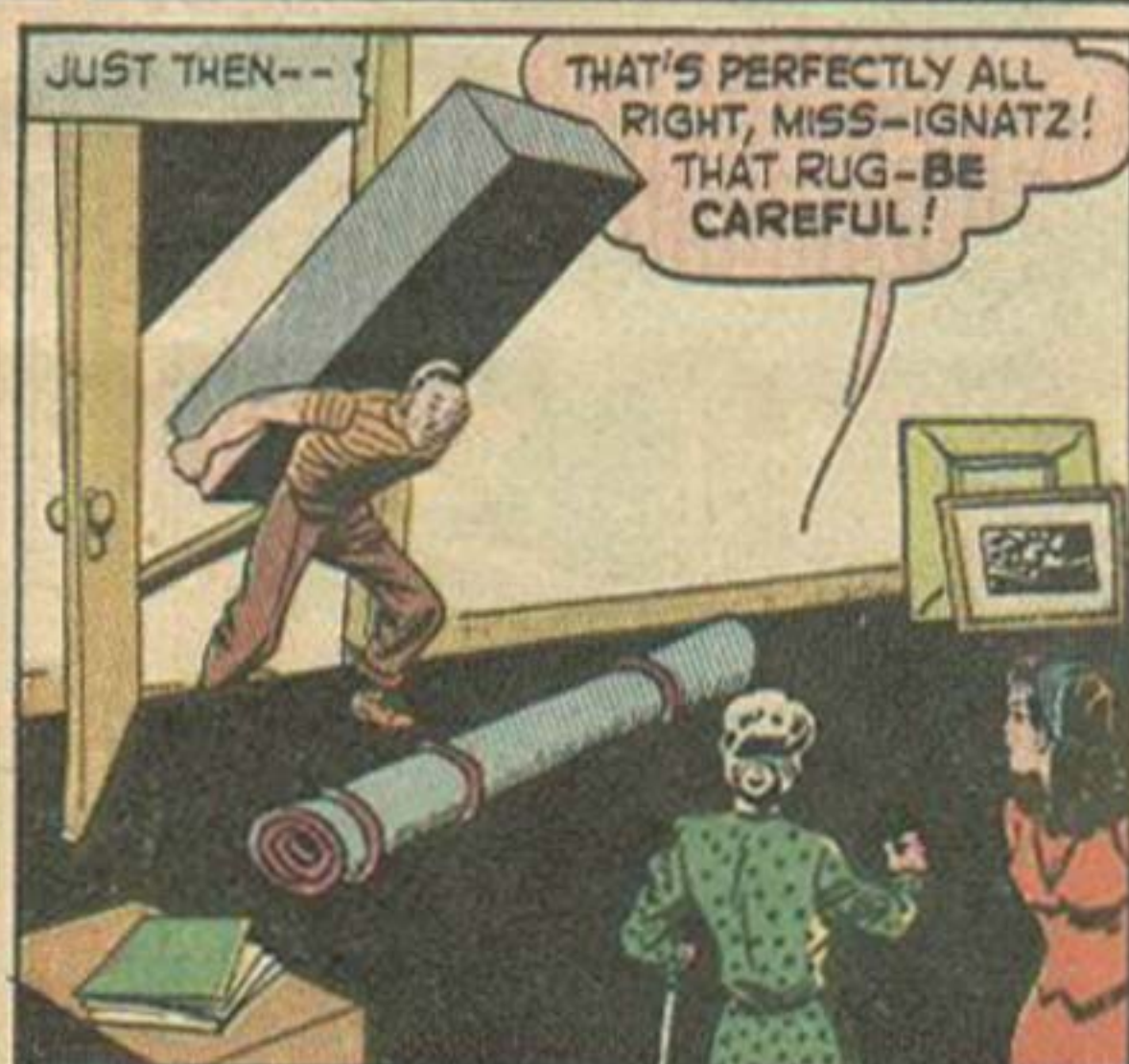
Phy Black Hood

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



CASE of
the
**INSURED
CORPSE**





YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, MY DEAR!



BACK AT THE POLICE STATION—

I'M WORRIED, SARGE! BARBARA SHOULD'VE RETURNED LONG AGO!

AH, JUST LIKE A WOMAN, BE-JABERS! CAN'T TAKE A JOKE! SHE MUST'VE GOTTEN MAD AND WON'T COME BACK!



NO, I DON'T THINK SO, BABS ISN'T LIKE THAT—I THINK I'LL DO SOME CHECKING!



603 ELM STREET—THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT!



GOOD EVENING, MRS. WHITLOCK! DID A GIRL REPORTER CALL ON YOU THIS AFTERNOON?

A GIRL-REPORTER? GRACIOUS SAKES—WHAT WOULD A REPORTER WANT WITH ME?



YOU MEAN SHE WASN'T HERE?

OF COURSE NOT! AND—NOW! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME—I'M IN A HURRY TO LEAVE!





HERE'S WHERE PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND LEAVES OFF AND THE BLACK HOOD PICKS UP!



WHEREVER SHE'S GOING, SHE'S IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET THERE!



ALL RIGHT, IGNATZ, YOU CAN STOP THERE AND DISPOSE OF THOSE BOXES!

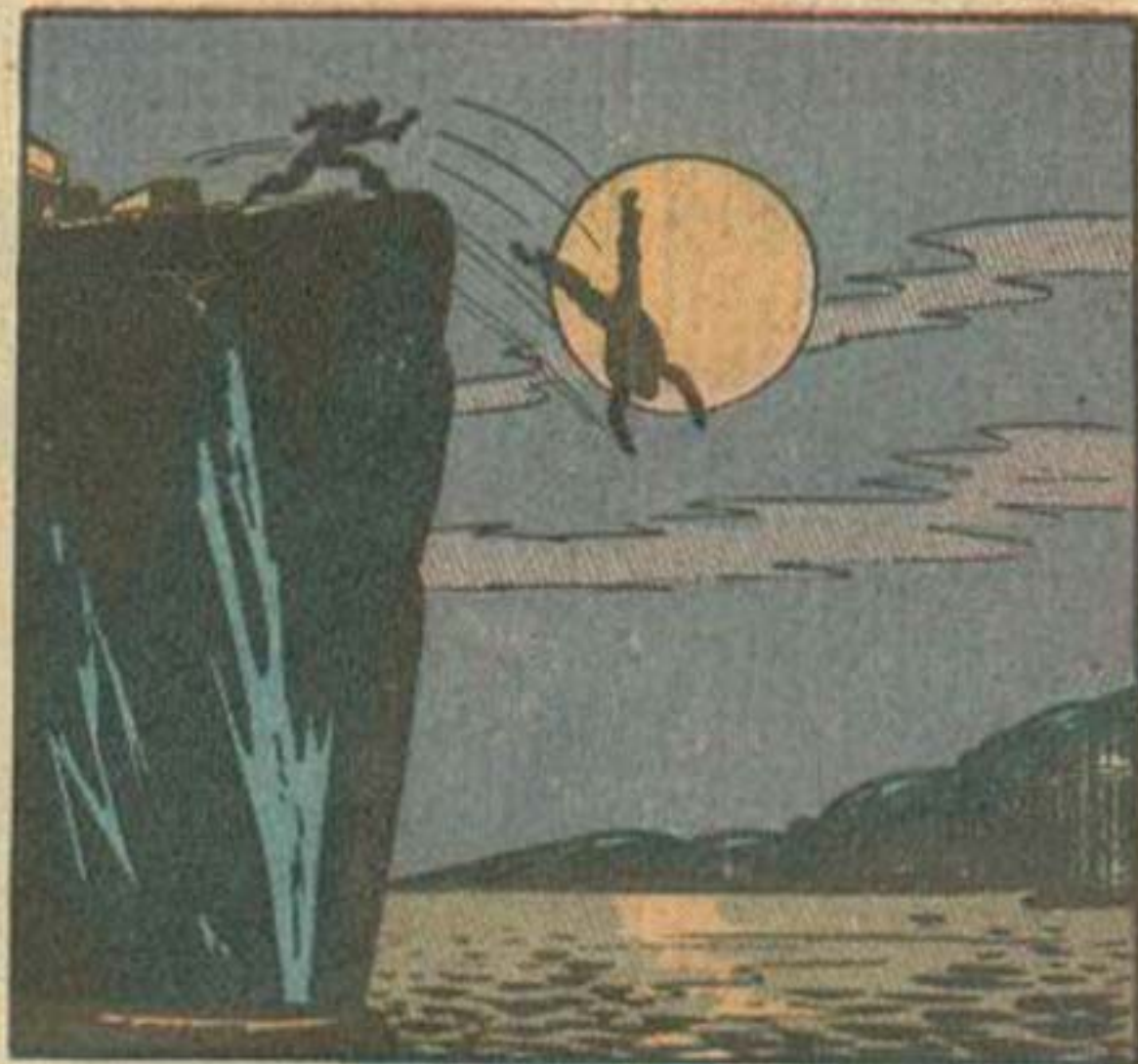


WHAT TH--? HE'S GOING TO TOSS THOSE BOXES OVER THE CLIFF INTO THE RIVER BELOW!



-BUT NOT BEFORE I HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!







PERFECT! NOW I'M RID OF THEM ALL-
INCLUDING IGNATZ! THE STUPID OX
NEVER COULD SWIM!



WOW-I DUCKED JUST IN TIME-
ANOTHER SPIT SECOND AND I'D
HAVE BEEN
FISH
FOOD!

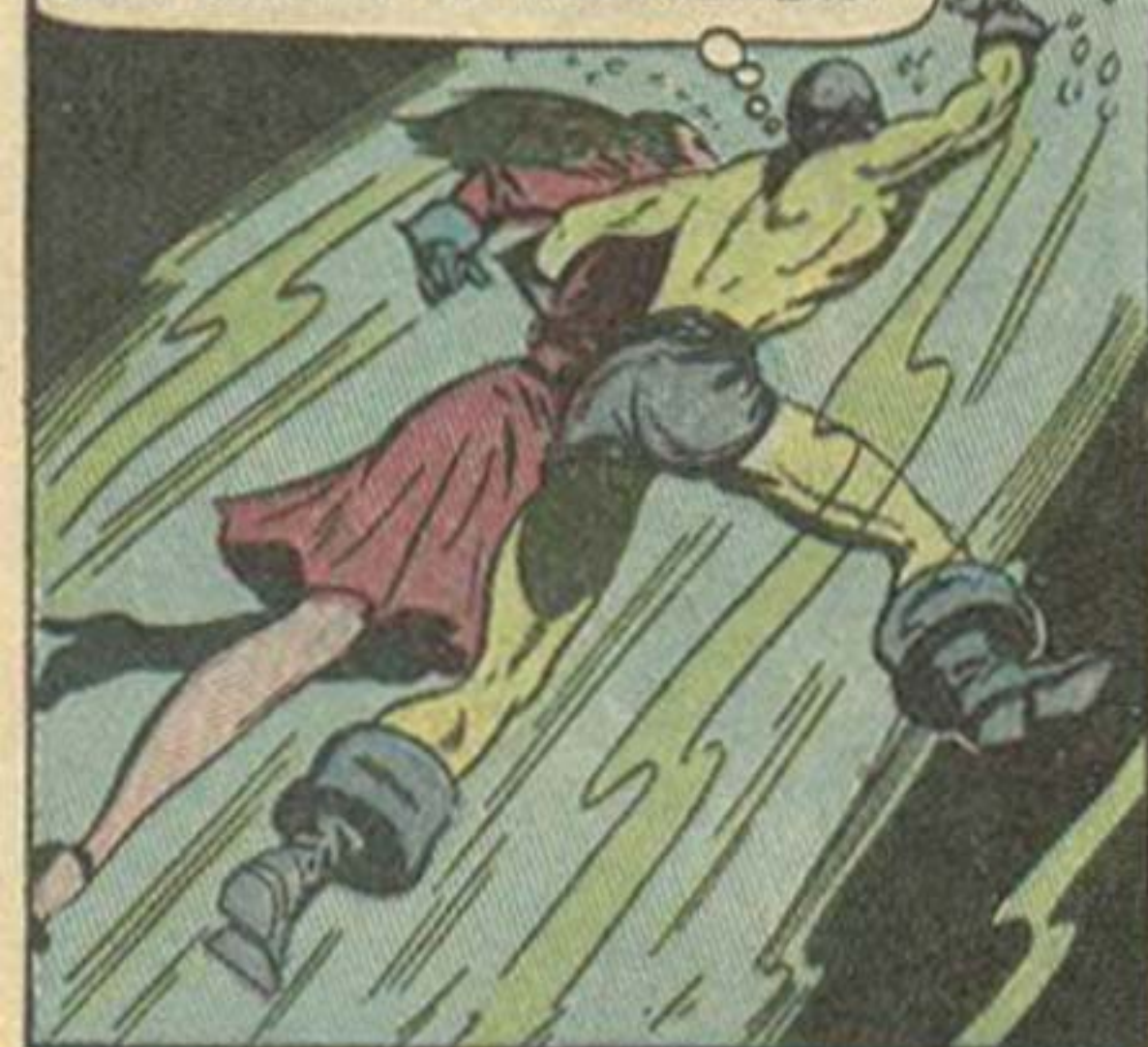


THE BOXES.
SHE'S TOSSED
'EM IN!

THIS IS THE ONE SHE'S PROBABLY
GOT BARBARA IN!



SHE'S NOT DEAD YET-THANK HEAVENS!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

YES! HOOD, THAT
OTHER BOX-THERE'S
A SKELETON IN
IT!

FEELING ANY
BETTER?



YES! AND I THINK I KNOW WHOSE IT IS! LOOK, BABS, I WANT YOU TO GO THROUGH YOUR NEWSPAPER FILES AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY RECORD OF WHICH COMPANY WHITLOCK WAS INSURED WITH!

HMM-I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE PICTURE MYSELF!



NEXT DAY, AT THE ROYAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OFFICES--

AH, YES, MRS. WHITLOCK! TODAY IS EXACTLY SEVEN YEARS SINCE YOUR HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARANCE, ISN'T IT?

YES, POOR SOUL! IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



ER-BY THE WAY, DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND?

WHY, NO, MY GRIEF WAS SO GREAT, I COULDN'T BEAR SEEING HIS FACE!! I DESTROYED THEM ALL!



IS THIS A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND?

Y-YES! WHO GAVE IT TO YOU?



I DID!

YOU!



--OR TO PUT IT MORE ACCURATELY, THE POLICE LABORATORY DID! YOU SEE, THERE'S A WAY OF RECONSTRUCTING THE FEATURES OF A SKELETON, CALLED THE BERTILLON METHOD! APPARENTLY, THEY HIT IT CLOSE ENOUGH TO FOOL EVEN YOU!



THEY ALSO FOUND A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN! A VERY NEAT IDEA, MRS. WHITLOCK--MURDERING YOUR HUSBAND AND THEN HIDING HIS CORPSE IN YOUR CELLAR FOR SEVEN YEARS--THE LAST PLACE ANYBODY WOULD THINK OF LOOKING!



YOU KNEW, THAT AFTER SEVEN YEARS, HE'D BE DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD! AND YOU COULD COLLECT HIS LIFE-INSURANCE--\$200,000 WORTH!



YOU WERE ALL READY TO COLLECT YOUR INSURANCE AND LEAVE THE COUNTRY--WHEN JUSTICE, IN THE FORM OF A GIRL-REPORTER CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!

LEMME PUT THE CUFFS ON HER'N HAUL HER AWAY!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!

OH, IZZATSO? WHY, YOU OLE WITCH, I'LL---



YOU'LL WHAT?





WORLD WONDERS



VERY OFTEN AFRICAN TRIBESMEN, WHEN GIVEN EUROPEAN BOOTS, CARRY THEM WHEN WALKING SO AS NOT TO WEAR THEM OUT. THEY CONSIDER BOOTS ONLY FOR SHOW!



A CERTAIN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER OF FARM EQUIPMENT, WHEN SHIPPING TOOLS TO THE PERUVIANS LIVING HIGH ABOVE THE ANDEAN TIMBER LINE, SHIPS THEM IN PINE BOXES. THE NATIVES USE THE BOXES FOR **COFFINS!**



-Goss



CAMELS WERE ONCE NATIVE TO AMERICA.

IN THE BALL GAME PLAYED BY THE ANCIENT AZTECS, THE HARD RUBBER BALL COULD BE HIT ONLY WITH THE BODY... IT WAS SO DIFFICULT TO PUT THE BALL THRU THE HOOP THAT A PLAYER WHO DID WON THE GAME AND WAS ALLOWED ALL THE CLOTHES AND PROPERTY OF THE SPECTATORS.

Black HOOD

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



The
**GOURMET
STRIKES
AGAIN!**



GOOD GRIEF! ALL I DID WAS INVITE YOU OVER FOR DINNER!

THAT'S PLENTY! A REAL HOME-COOKED MEAL! WOW!



WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, IT'S NOT READY YET!



LET'S HEAR THE NEWS MEANWHILE, SARGE!

FLASH! THE GOURMET HAS JUST BROKEN OUT OF PRISON!

6*#0#!!222
THOSE RUMMIES LET 'EM ESCAPE ALMOST AS FAST AS WE CATCH 'EM!



ANYWAY, TH' GOURMET'LL HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO SHOW UP HERE IN NORTHVILLE, BEJABERS!

-BUT-THE GOURMET'S JUST CRAFTY ENOUGH TO FIGURE THIS IS THE LAST PLACE THE POLICE WOULD LOOK FOR HIM!



UMMMM! WILL YOU PLEASE SMELL THAT COOKING?



BOY-I DIDN'T KNOW BARBARA COULD COOK THAT WELL!

I'M DYIN' TO SINK ME MOLARS INTO THAT ROAST!





I HAVE A LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT AT THE CARLTON-RITZ! MEANWHILE, I'LL TURN ON THE GAS JETS--



TA, TA! I NEVER EXPECTED TO HAVE MY REVENGE SO EASILY--YOU WERE MOST CO-OPERATIVE!



KIP, I CAN HARDLY BREATHE--I-I--

IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN SOON, WE'LL ALL BE DEAD!



THE WINDOW! IF I CAN ONLY WORK THIS CHAIR TOWARD IT--IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THE FALLING GLASS STRIKES A POLICEMAN BELOW----





THAT GLASS CAME FROM THIS
APARTMENT! SNIF-SNIF!

GAS!



WHAT GOES
HERE?

HURRY-TURN OFF THE
GAS AND UNTIE THESE
ROPES!



THANK HEAVENS, MCGINTY'S
STILL BREATHING!
RING FOR AN
AMBULANCE,
QUICK!

RIGHT!



WHAT
NOW?

IT SEEMS THAT THE BLACK HOOD
HAS AN APPOINTMENT AT THE
CARLTON-RITZ!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CARLTON-RITZ KITCHEN-----

MY NEW HEAD CHEF-
WHERE HE IS?

ZAT I DO NOT
KNOW!



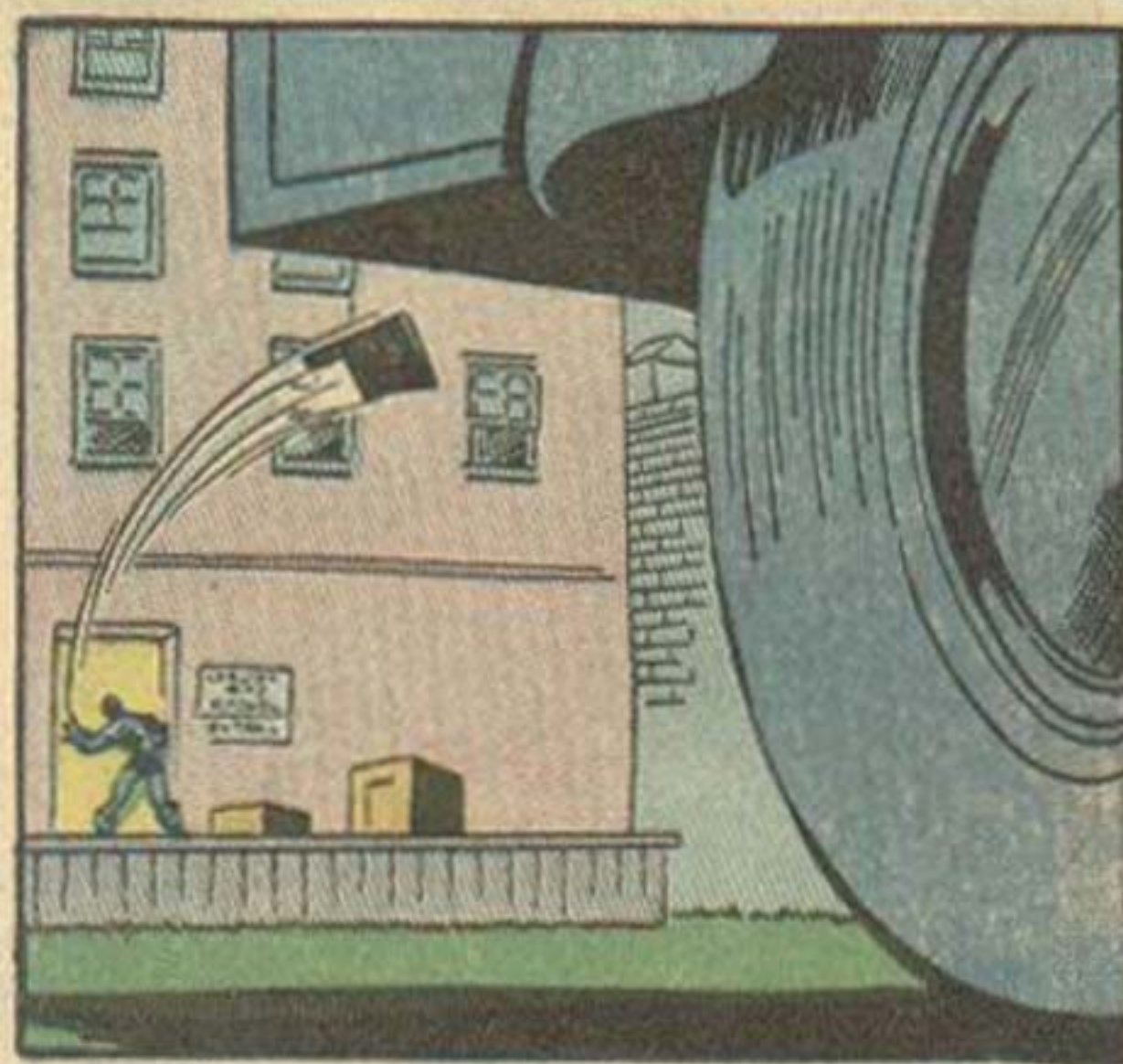
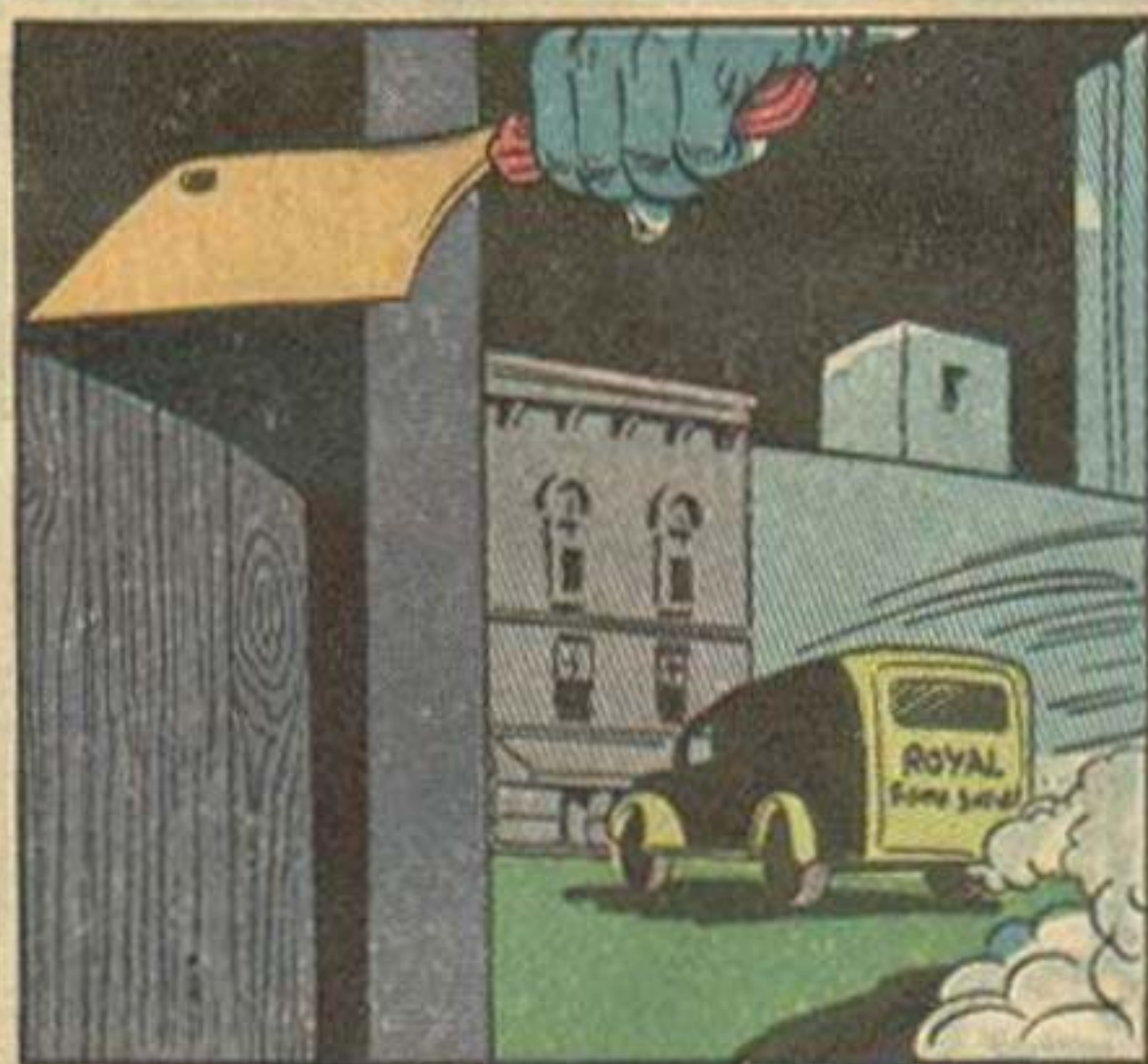
HERE I AM, PIERRE-
SORRY TO BE
LATE!

ZOUP! WE MUST HAVE
ZOUP-IT IS NEARLY
ZUPPERTIME!









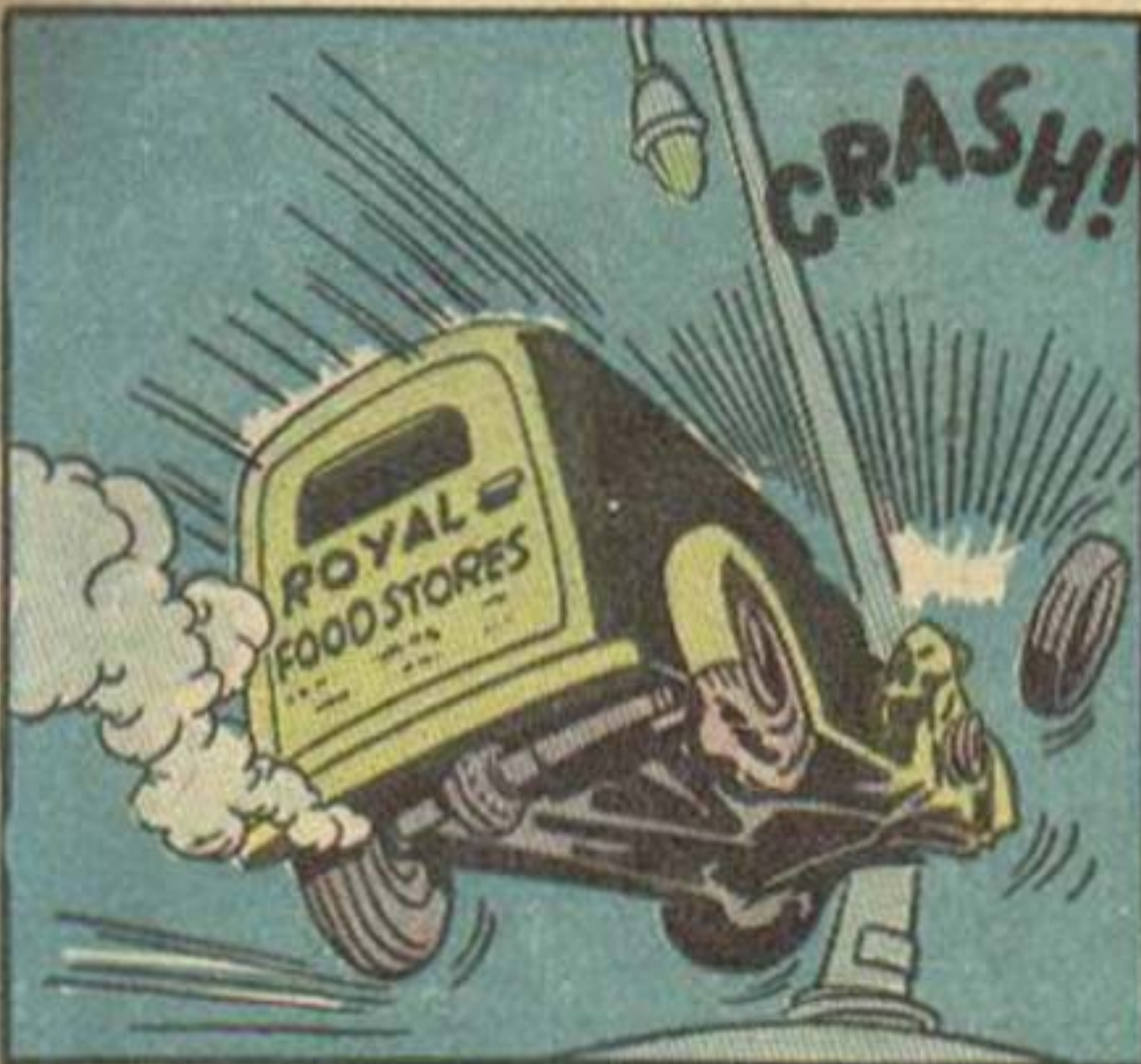
A BLOWOUT - I CAN'T
CONTROL THE
TRUCK!!



THE TRUCK LURCHES CRAZILY TOWARD A LAMP POST!



CRASH!



THAT STOPPED HIM--
AND HOW!



WELL, WELL, QUITE
A DISH!



IF I HAD A PAINTING OF THAT, I'D
CALL IT THE **LAST**
MEAL!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE HOSPITAL---

FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS HEAD-
LINE, SARGE! IT SHOULD MAKE
YOU FEEL MUCH BETTER!

LESSEE!



WELL, GOTTA LEAVE NOW, SARGE-GONNA
FINISH THAT DINNER BABS STARTED
YESTERDAY! TOO BAD YOU
CAN'T COME!

YEAH-
G'BYE!



AT BAB'S HOME, AFTER DINNER---

BURP.
ULP!

WHAT'S
WRONG,
KIP?



-AND WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A
MORGUE! S. SO LONG,
BABS!



WONDER WHICH IS WORSE, MCGINTY, AN OUT AND
OUT CRIMINAL LIKE THE GOURMET, OR A WOMAN
WHO CAN'T COOK?



THE STRANGE CASE OF MICHAEL DEAN

A BLACK HOOD STORY

THE bullet bit into Michael Dean's shoulder . . . but he didn't cry out. He didn't make a sound. He couldn't. He was a mute. . . .

But his family heard the shot and they came rushing into his room. They saw him lying on the floor with blood gushing from his right shoulder . . . saw him writing awkwardly with his left hand, attempting to tell his family in a note what he couldn't tell them by word of mouth. Across the room was an open window. It was only a five foot drop to an alley downstairs, and the attacker had apparently escaped this way. The gun was lying on the ground downstairs.

The note was simple.

"Madman attacked me. Came in through window, rushed at me and shot me in shoulder. Never saw him before. . . ."

Then the police came, and with them, Patrolman Kip Burland. Michael Dean's family was clustered around him, acting tender and sympathetic. It was a pretty little family scene, but Kip's keen eyes fixed themselves briefly on Michael Dean's right hand . . . and he wondered if there might not be more to it than an escaped madman. . . .

He stepped up to Michael Dean and examined his right hand. "What's wrong with his thumb?" he asked Dorothy, the sister.

The thumb wasn't a pretty sight. It was stiff, paralyzed.

Dorothy stared. "Why—why, I don't know," she said. "I never noticed it before."

Burland turned to the wounded man. "You, Dean," he said. "You can hear me, can't you?"

Michael Dean nodded his blond head. There were tears deep in his eyes. Dorothy hissed into Kip's ear, "He can hear you. He's mute—but not deaf."

"All right," said Kip Burland. "What's wrong with your thumb, Dean?"

Dean reached for his pad. Stiffly, he scrawled:

"Can't understand it myself. It was all right this morning. I was using my right hand to hold my book up till the time I was attacked, and my thumb was all right."

Kip nodded. "I see," he said. "Look here, Dean, your note says that you never saw your attacker before. It doesn't seem logical that a man—even a maniac—would come through a window, shoot at you, and jump back out again unless he had something against you—some specific desire to hurt or kill you. Are you positive that you never saw him before? Couldn't you perhaps have forgotten?"

Dean shook his blond head vigorously.

Kip thought for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders. "What did he look like?" he asked.

"He was tall," Dean wrote, "tall and unshaven. Black stubble; heavy black eyebrows. Long black hair, dark eyes. Wearing a dirty brown suit. That's all I saw."

"That's plenty," Kip said. "I guess this is just routine. The police'll pick him up." He walked to the door.

And then at the door, he stopped. "I almost forgot," he said. "Dorothy, will you come over here for a minute?"

She came over.

"There's something I forgot to ask. Has Michael been mute all his life?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "as a matter of fact, he hasn't. He had a streak of bad luck four years ago, and the failure of his vocal cords came right on the tail end of it."

"Let's hear about this streak of bad luck."

Dorothy's eyes became clouded. "First," she said, "Michael's business went bankrupt—and he was left without a cent. Then, suddenly, Michael's wife contracted pneumonia—and she died. And right on top of that, Michael woke one morning and found himself unable to speak . . . and the doctor couldn't do anything about it. . . ."

Kip Burland nodded thoughtfully "I see." He drew a deep breath. "Well, Dorothy, I'm sorry I can't be of any help—but the police operate dragnets . . . and they have the facilities to capture the maniac. Any attempts I would make would be amateur stuff."

He waved goodbye to the entire family and left.

But outside, he became The Black Hood. Then, quickly, he set to work.

He knew it wasn't any use doing so, but he checked anyway. He checked with every insane asylum and sanitarium within two hundred miles and learned that no inmate had escaped.

And then he went back to Michael Dean's house. . . .

Dean's family was still gathered around him. They stared

In astonishment as The Black Hood entered the room.

"Dean," The Hood said, "listen to me. I've come to help you."

Dean breathed heavily for a moment. Then he lifted his pad and wrote, "I recognize you, Black Hood. How do you mean—help me?"

It was then that Dean noticed that The Hood had a small, medical-type bag with him. "Dean," The Black Hood said, "I'm going to restore your voice."

Again Dean's pencil moved across his pad, and his fingers shook as he did so. "How?" he wrote.

"I am going to attempt a treatment which doctors would be afraid to try. If you're willing to take the chance, I think I can restore your voice."

Dean's hands shook as he wrote hurriedly, "Anything. I'll take any chance. . . ."

"All right," said The Hood. "Lie back in your chair."

Several members of the family protested, but The Hood waved them aside. "Boiling water—quickly," he ordered. He put a white rag over Dean's nostrils and lifted a small bottle from his bag.

"This won't put you to sleep," he said. "It's just going to dull your senses and lessen the pain a bit. Get ready now."

He opened the bottle and poured a few drops onto the rag. Dean's breathing became heavier.

Then The Hood lifted a long pointed instrument from his bag. He dipped it momentarily into the hot water, and then, swiftly, plunged it down Dean's throat. Dean's body twitched. The Hood jabbed the instrument once, gently, and then withdrew it.

"You're in luck," said The Hood. "I punctured a mucous stoppage which was keeping your vocal cords from operating. Try to talk."

A sound issued from Dean's throat . . . a gurgling sound,

hideous and horrible. And then Dean shrieked, "I can speak! I can speak. . . ."

The Black Hood smiled. "Now look at your thumb—the one that was paralyzed."

Dean stared downward. The thumb was normal again. . . .

"That operation I performed was a phony," The Hood said. "I'm not a surgeon—I don't know a thing about operating. . . ."

Dean stared at him. "But—but I don't understand. Then how . . ."

"Look," said The Hood, "I don't know anything about operations—but as a crimefighter I do know a great deal about the mental workings of people—about psychiatry. That's how I was able to analyze your case as *anaesthesia*."

The Hood paused. Then he continued: "Let me tell you a little about anaesthesia," he said. "It's a funny mental disease—the strangest known to psychiatric science, perhaps. And only one person can cure it—the patient himself."

"It appears, generally, just after a man or woman has had a series of mental shocks and bad breaks—when that man or woman is beginning to feel terribly sorry for himself or herself. It's a kind of mental pleading for sympathy—a begging for people to help the patient be miserable. . . ."

"I don't understand," Dean said again. "Are you trying to tell me . . ."

"Let me finish my explanation," interrupted The Hood. "At any rate, when a man has this mental desire for sympathy—something subconscious and strange happens. He becomes paralyzed. Sometimes it's an arm—sometimes it's a leg—and, sometimes, Dean, it's the vocal cords. The victim becomes paralyzed—as definitely paralyzed as if it were a true physical paralysis. Why, there have been cases where a patient pushed lighted cigarettes against his

leg—and he'd hypnotized himself so thoroughly into believing that the leg was paralyzed that he didn't even feel the pain.

"That's what happened with you, Michael. You just carried it further than some others. You've sat around for four years seeking sympathy—and your family was getting a little used to you by now. So you faked this whole business—actually faked a shooting so that your family's sympathy for you could be renewed. And again your hypnosis worked on yourself. This time your thumb became paralyzed."

The Hood walked to the door—then slowly turned around, facing the group. "There's a treatment for anaesthetic patients," he said. "Your doctor must be a general practitioner with a gullible mind and no knowledge whatsoever of mental ailments . . . otherwise he would have diagnosed your case and used this treatment on you long ago. Just as the patient has hypnotized himself into imagining himself paralyzed . . . so must the psychiatrist hypnotize him into thinking he's been cured. I dropped some ordinary water on a piece of rag over your nostrils . . . dipped the surgical instrument into the boiling water—just to give you the illusion of an operation. Then I simply touched your throat with the instrument—and the momentary pain, plus my talk about attempting a treatment that doctors would be afraid to try, hypnotized you into thinking you'd been cured. Naturally, your supposedly paralyzed thumb—which had become that way during your new surge of desire for pity when you pulled that phony shooting—became normal in a hurry."

He opened the door. "Get wise to yourself, Dean," he said. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself—and go out and get a job."

Then he slammed the door behind him and went out into the night.

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST
AND HIS ANGELIC PAL GABBY

BY "RED" HOLMDALE



HEY, PETE, WHATCHA GOT FOR US?
A COUPLE OF PROSPECTS?

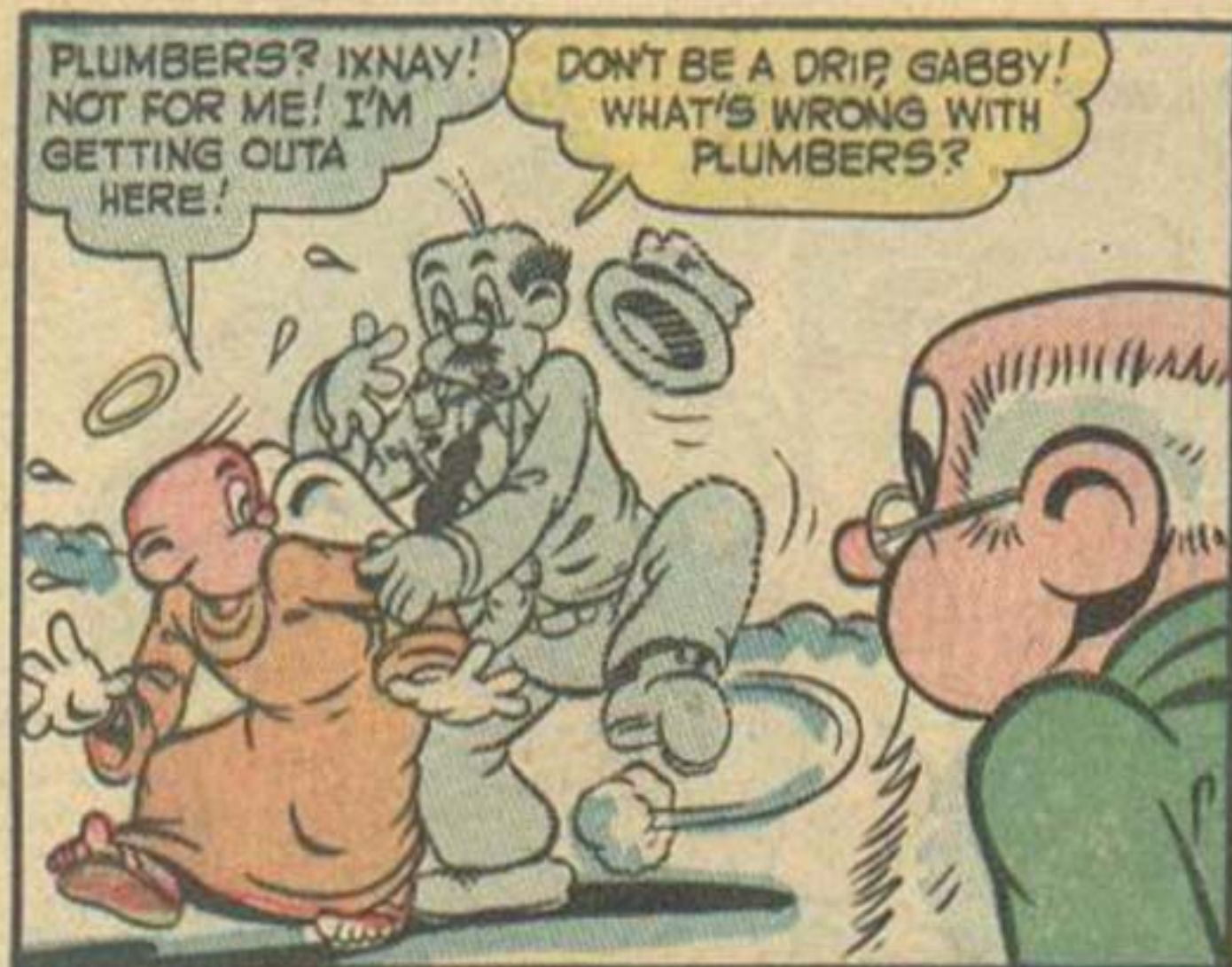
OH, IT'S YOU GUYS! HMPH!
I KNEW THINGS WERE GOING
TOO SMOOTH TO LAST!

DEAD
FILES

THIS IS A SWELL BREAK
FOR ME-TO GET RID OF
THESE GUYS!

OH, BOY, YOU MEAN WE
CAN REALLY GET BACK TO
EARTH AGAIN?

HERE THEY ARE! A COUPLE
OF PLUMBERS!



-HOLD EVERYTHING
TILL WE GET THERE!



C'MON, GABBY, WE
GOTTA RUSH TO
CITY HALL! THE
MAYOR WANTS
US, RIGHT
AWAY!

PROB'LY GOING
TO TAKE AWAY
OUR LICENSES!



NOW THAT WE'RE THE MAYOR'S
SPECIAL PLUMBERS, WE OUGHTA
CHANGE OUR
TITLES TO
'HYDRAMATIC
TECHNICIANS'!

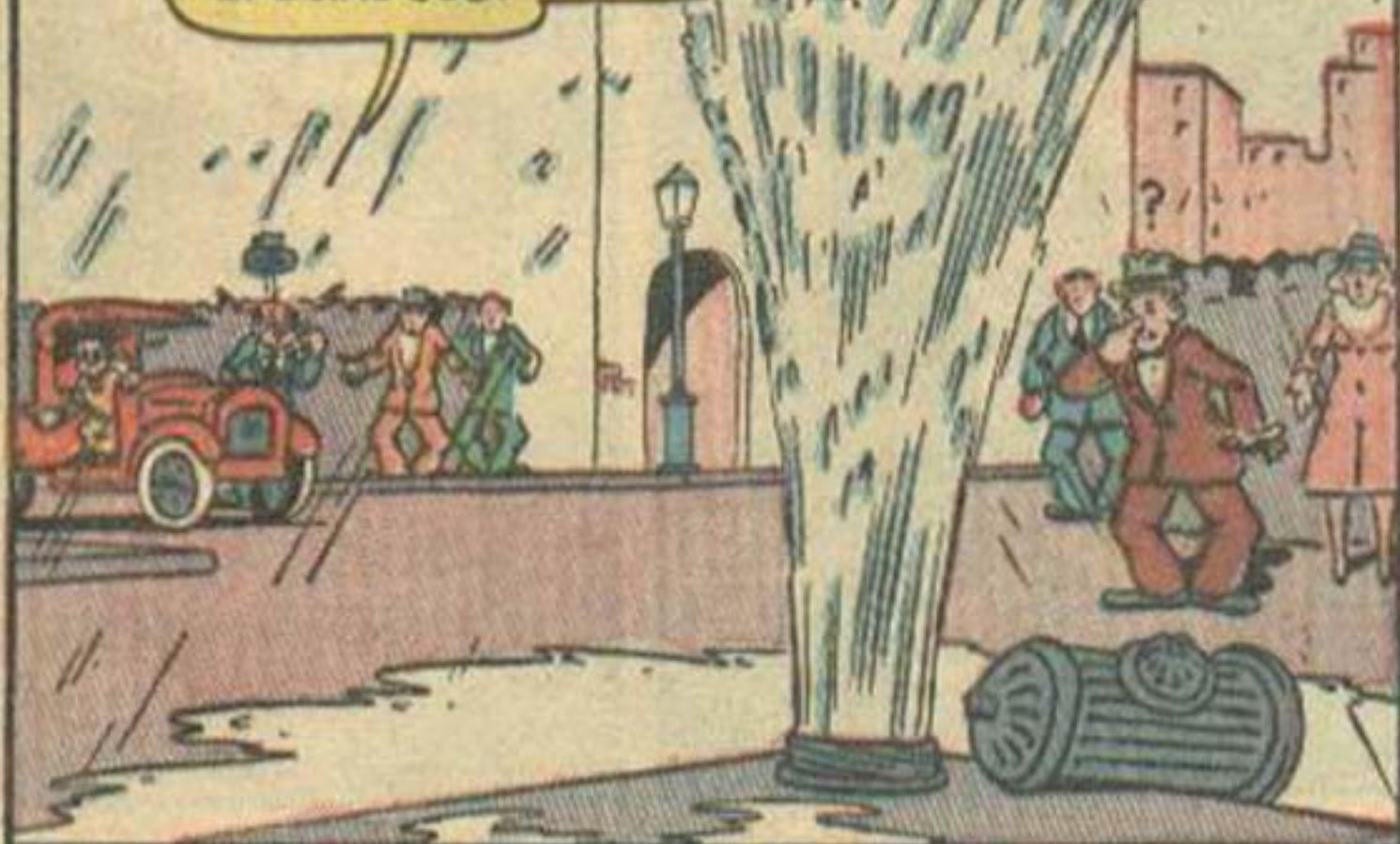


THE CITY HALL SHOULD
BE AT THE END OF
THIS BLOCK!

HOLY
SMOKES
GUS-
LOOKY!



THE MAYOR REALLY MEANT IT,
WHEN HE SAID HE HAD A
SPECIAL JOB!

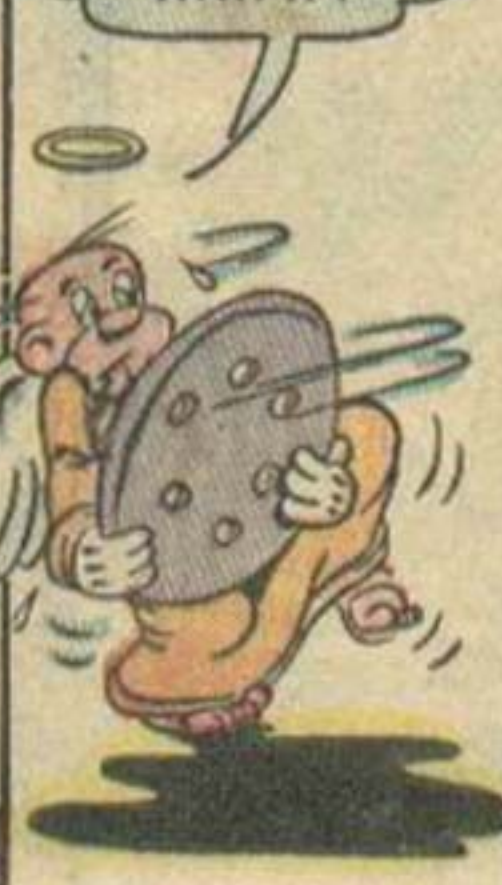


C'MON, GABBY, BRING
THAT MAN-HOLE COVER
HERE! WE CAN
USE IT!

BE RIGHT
WITH YOU-
UGH!



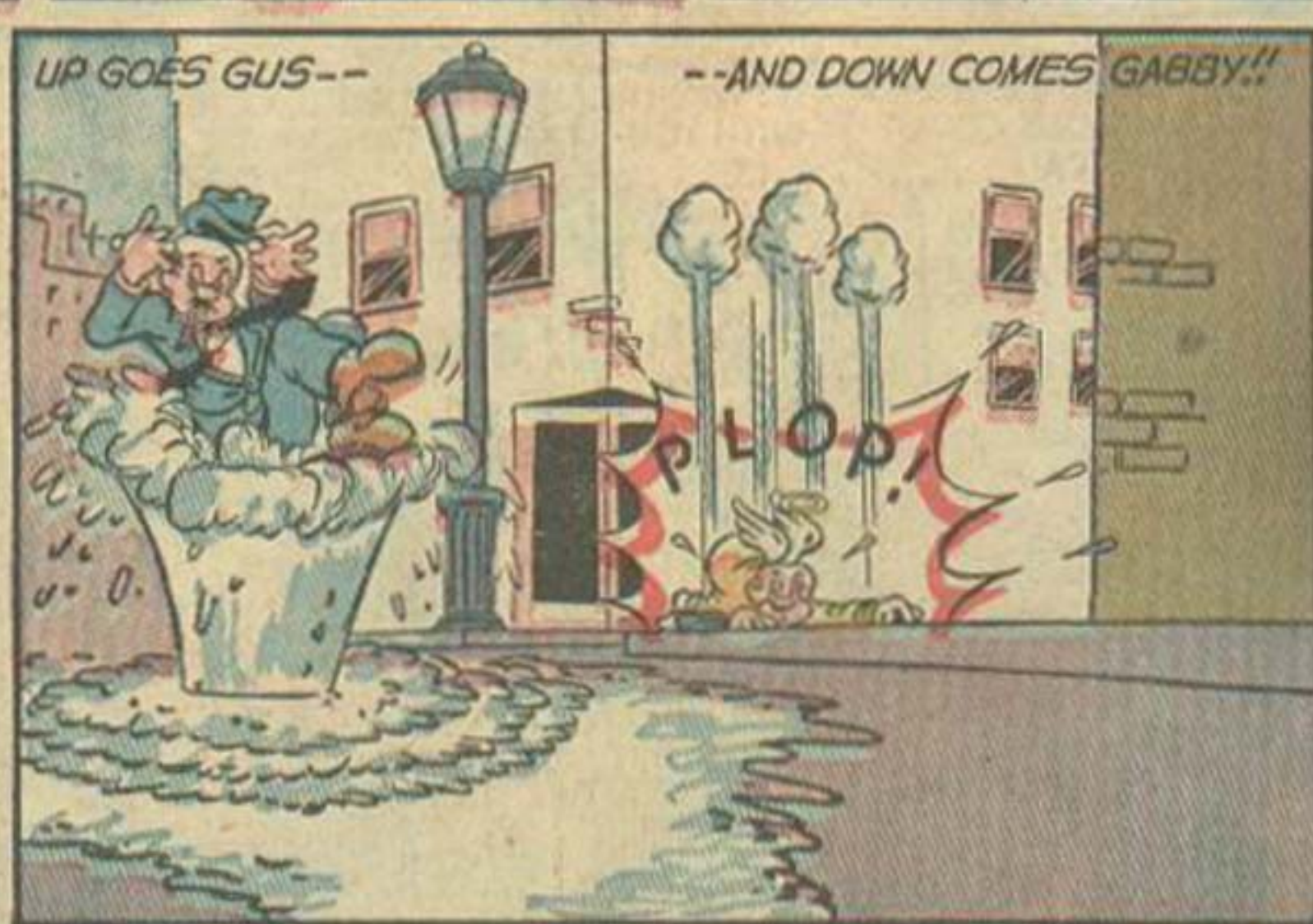
NOW THAT I GOT
THIS THING-WOTCHA
WANT ME TO DO
WITH IT?



DROP IT OVER THE
SPRAY! IT'LL CUT
DOWN THE
PRESSURE!

I DUNNO! THAT
DON'T SOUND
RIGHT!









TROUBLE! TROUBLE!
WHERE ARE YOU?

**IT SHOULDN'T
HAPPEN
TO A
DOG!**

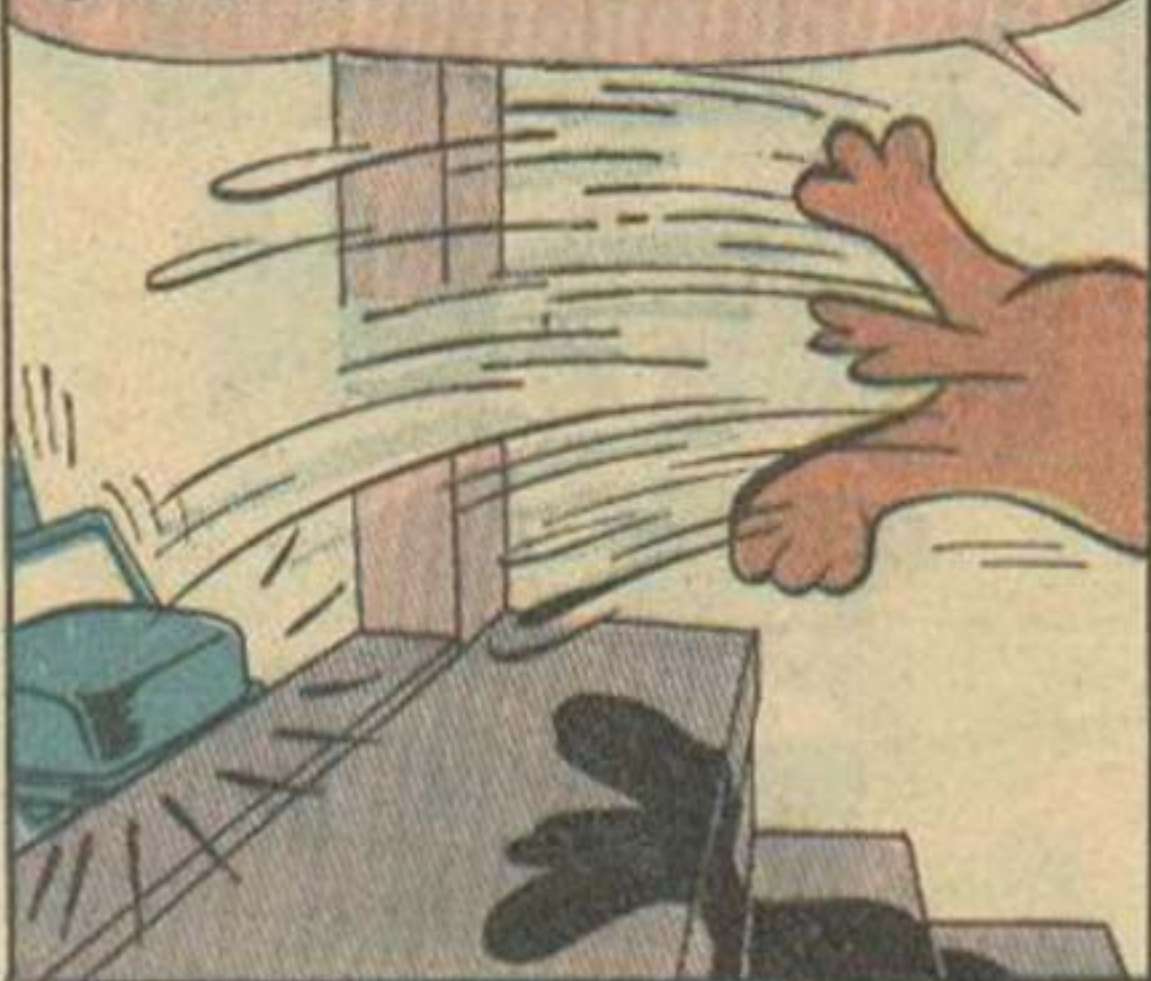
Burton

THINKS SHE'LL TIE ME UP
WHILE THEY GO OUT IN THE CAR!
NOTHIN' DOIN'!

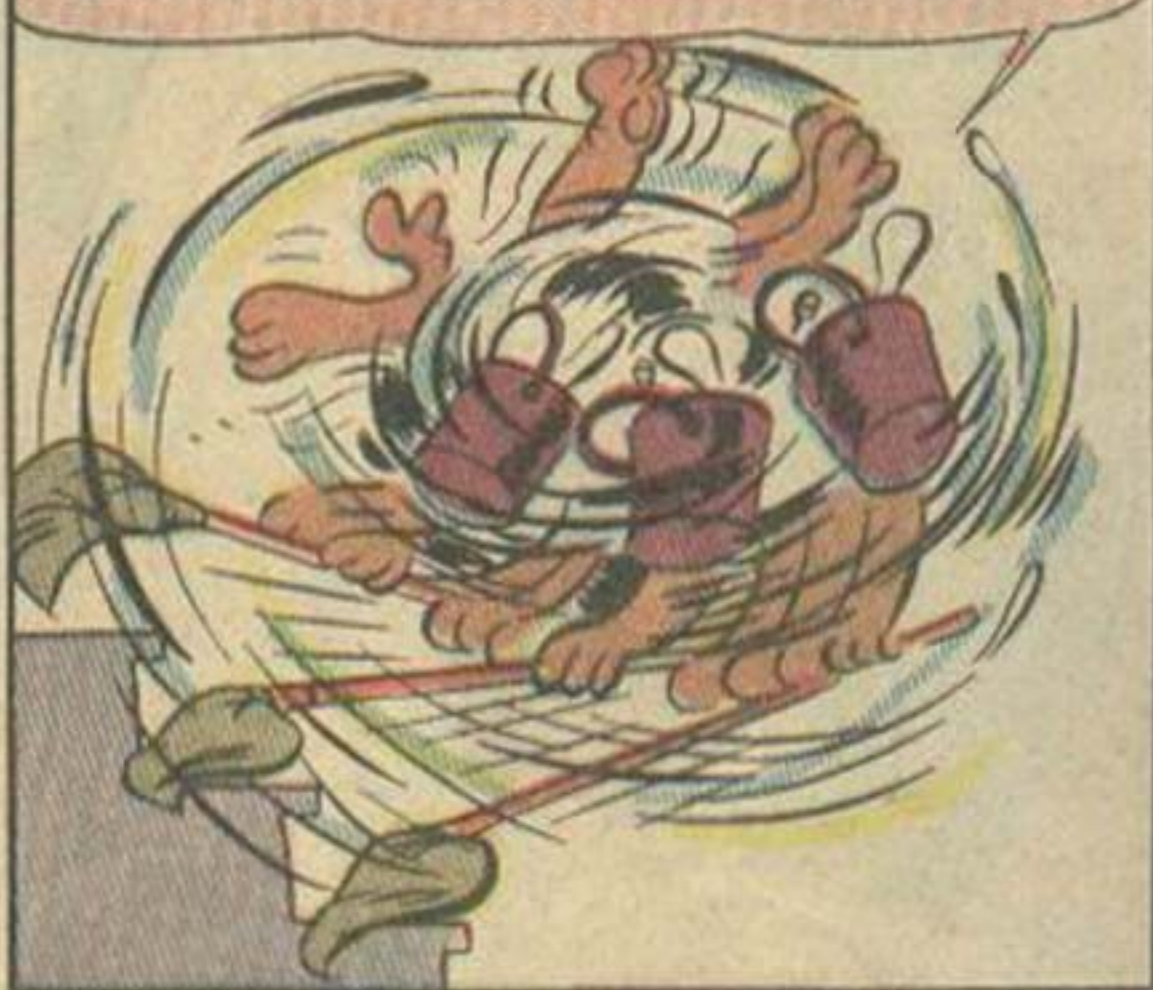
SHE WON'T
FIND ME HERE!

CRASH!

CARPET NEEDED A CLEANING ANYHOW--



--STAIRS CAN USE A MOPPING, TOO!



WHAT! NO
COAL SHOVEL?



BETTER GET GOING BEFORE
THEY FIND ME!



COAST IS CLEAR!





The Black Hood

MAN
OF
MYSTERY

in THE CASE of the
**BOOK of
DEATH!**



THIS STRANGE TALE BEGINS AS MOST STRANGE TALES DO, IN A VERY ORDINARY WAY! BARBARA SUTTON IS BROWSING IN A BOOK STORE---

HMM? AN UNUSUAL BOOK!!



I'LL TAKE THIS BOOK, PLEASE!

YES, MA'AM!



SAY, WHERE'D YOU FIND THIS? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD IT---

IT WAS STUCK IN BACK OF THE OTHER BOOKS!



WAIT A MINUTE! I WANNA BUY THAT BOOK!

I'M SORRY, SIR, IT'S ALREADY BEEN SOLD TO THIS YOUNG LADY!



I SAID I WANT THAT BOOK AND I MEAN IT, PUNK!



YOU BRUTE! LET GO OF THAT NICE CLERK!





HE'S GETTING AWAY—
HELP!!
POLICE!!



BABS, WHAT'S
WRONG
HERE?

HELLO, KIP! SOME GOOF
STARTED A RUMPUS OVER
A BOOK I BOUGHT! START-
ED TO CHOKER THE
CLERK!



HERE'S THE BOOK—IT'S A BIT
RARE, BUT NOT OF MUCH VALUE!!
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HE
WANTED WITH IT!

WELL, I'LL BE---!
HE MUST BE
NUTS!



WELL, I'D BETTER PAY FOR MY
PURCHASE AND RUN ALONG
HOME!

HMMM? I
WONDER...



SOMETIME LATER-- } FUNNY HOW I CAN'T GET THAT
RUN OVER TO BABS' PLACE AND HAVE ANOTHER } BOOK OFF MY MIND! THINK I'LL
LOOK AT IT! }
LOOK AT IT!



MEANWHILE, BABS IS ALSO HAVING A 'LOOK' AT THE BOOK-----

THIS'S QUEER! THE
BINDING IS AWFULLY
THICK FOR THE NUMBER
OF PAGES IT
CONTAINS!



UGH!

YOU
SEEN
ENOUGH,
SISTER?



HELP!

THAT'S COMING FROM BABS'
APARTMENT!



HEY, WHAT
GIVES?



KIP! IT'S THE
SAME MAN WHO
WAS IN THE
BOOK STORE!

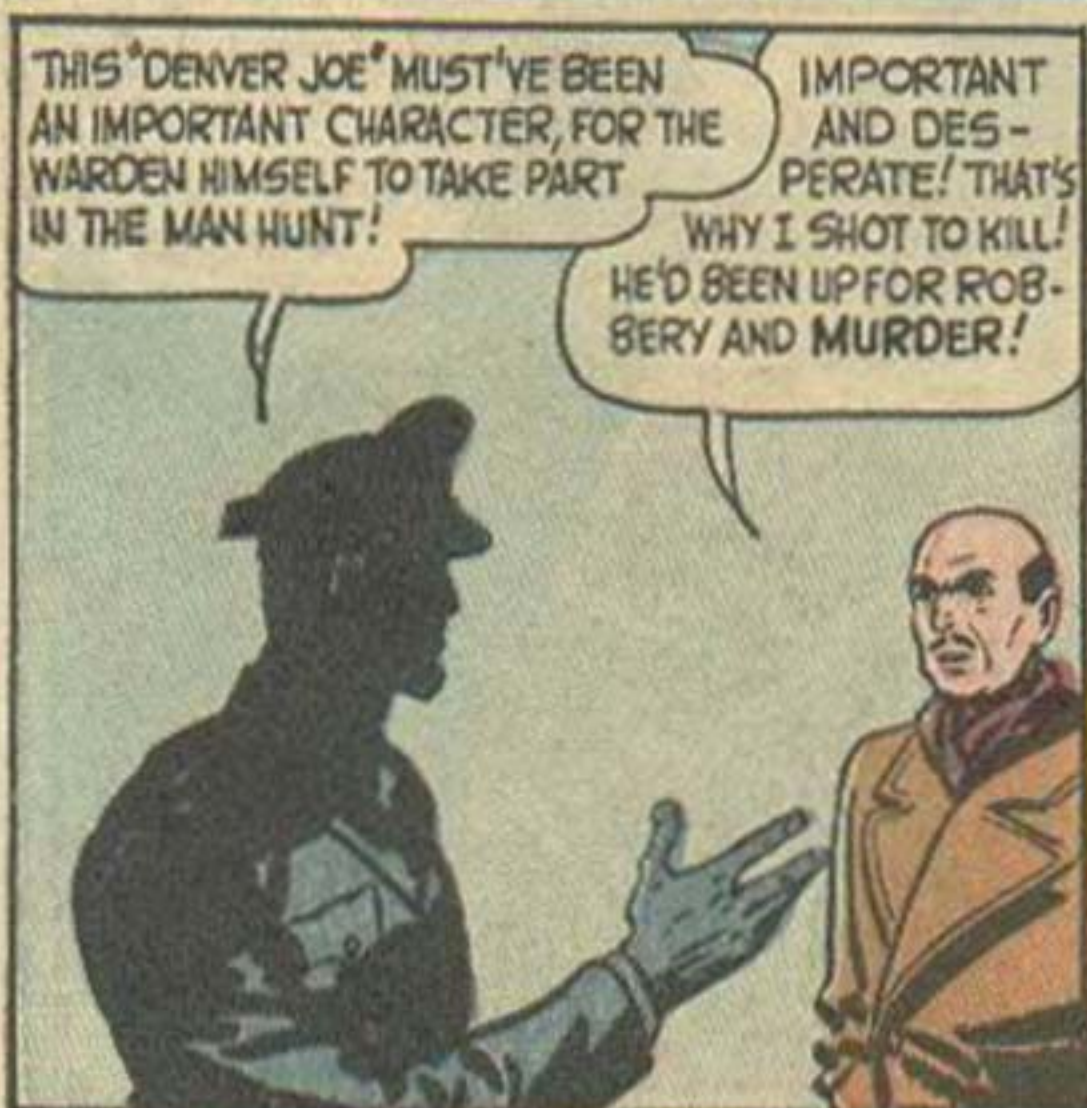


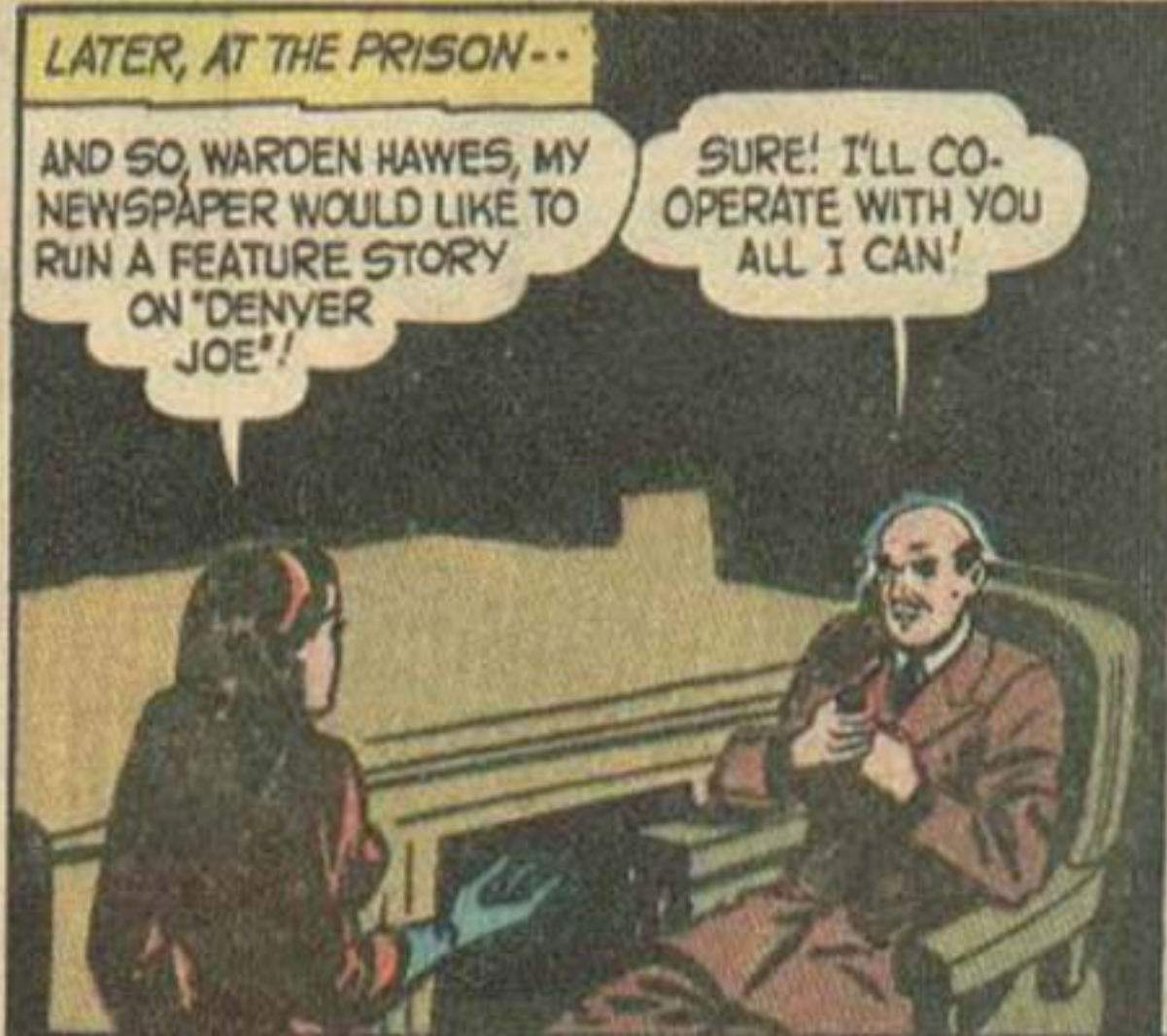
I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM,
NOW! LOOKS LIKE HE
MADE HIS GET-
AWAY!



BUT SUDDENLY--

ARR--







WOW, DIS LAUNDRY BAG'S
AWFUL HEAVY! WOT'S
IN IT, ROCKS?



WHEW! I DIDN'T
T'INK I COULD LIFT
IT INTO THE
CHUTE!



AH, TH' LAUNDRY! BETTER
OPEN IT AND--



UFF!



SORRY, PAL, BUT IT
HAD TO BE!



NOW TO GET PAST THAT
GUARD-BUT HOW?



HMM-I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD AT VENTRILOQUISM-NOW IF I HAVEN'T LOST THE OLD TOUCH!?!



HEY, YA FLAT-FOOTED BUM, C'MERE!

HUH? WHO SAID THAT?



WHAT'D YA CALL ME, PUNK?

ME? I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!



OH, NO? I HEARD YOU PLAIN ENOUGH-FOR TWO CENTS--

AH, YER NUTS I TELL YA!



AH, THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT LAST-GOOD OLD BABBS!



THE BOOK-IT'S HERE! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



AND HERE'S THE FIFTY GRAND-HIDDEN BEHIND THIS FALSE BINDING!



DROP THAT MONEY, BLACK HOOD!!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE WARDEN! YOU GOT BACK SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!



BUT IT'S STILL TOO LATE! YOU DELIBERATELY LET "DENVER JOE" BREAK OUT! DIDN'T YOU?

YES, I KNEW HE'D LEAD ME TO WHERE HE'D HIDDEN THAT DOUGH! I WAS SICK OF WORKING FOR PEANUTS ON THIS JOB!



I'VE GOT THE DOUGH AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET YOU!



YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT!



OKAY, HOOD! GET GOING OUT THIS BACK DOOR!

SAY, WHAT IS THIS?



VERY SIMPLE! I'VE JUST GIVEN THE ALARM THAT A PRISONER'S ESCAPED!

I GET IT! AND THE WALL GUARDS'LL SHOOT THE FIRST THING THEY SEE MOVING IN THE YARD! PRETTY CLEVER, WARDEN!



-THEN BEGINS A GRIM CAT AND MOUSE GAME WITH THE PRISON SEARCHLIGHT!

IF I GET CAUGHT IN THESE LIGHTS-I'M A DEAD PIGEON!

IT'S COMING CLOSER-I'VE GOT TO
FIND A PLACE TO HIDE! BUT
WHERE?



THAT TOOL BOX! IT'S
MY ONLY CHANCE!



JUST MADE IT! BUT NOT FOR
LONG-IF THEY SWING THAT
OTHER LIGHT OVER
THIS WAY--



MEANWHILE--

WHY DON'T THEY SHOOT?
WHAT'S HOLDING
THEM UP?



BLAST THAT SLIPPERY BIRD! HE'S HIDING-BUT
WHERE? **THE TOOL BOX!** WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF IT BEFORE?



I'LL GET HIM OUT OF
THERE, MYSELF!



WARDEN HAWES IS PICKED UP BY ONE OF THE LIGHTS-----



AAARGH!



HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S WARDEN
HAWES!



AND WHILE ALL IS CHAOS AND CONFUSION IN THE PRISON YARD, THE BLACK HOOD MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FAR WALL! SUDDENLY HIS SHARP EYE SPOTS---

A ROPE!



AND IT'S DOLLARS TO
DONUTS, I KNOW WHO
TOSSED IT OVER!



I COULDN'T KEEP THE WARDEN
AWAY ANY LONGER, HOOD! HE
GOT TOO SUSPICIOUS, BUT I
DID MANAGE TO SNEAK BACK
AND GET THE BOOK!

BARBARA, YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!



THE NEXT DAY-----

AND FEATURED ON PAGE TWO--



TIMES HERALD
POLICE SGT. MCGINTY FINDS
MONEY STOLEN FIVE YEARS AGO

MCGINTY DOES IT
AGAIN



IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER----

WELL, MCGINTY, THIS'S ANOTHER FEATHER IN
YOUR CAP, CONGRATULATIONS!

AW, IT WAS
NOTHIN',
COMMISS-
IONER!



AND HERE, BARBARA, IS A
LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU,
AS A TOKEN OF MY
APPRECIATION!

MANY
THANKS,
KIP!



WHY YOU BIG LUG-GET
OUT OF HERE!



AND ALL I DID WAS
TRY TO KEEP HER
OUT OF BOOK
SHOPS!



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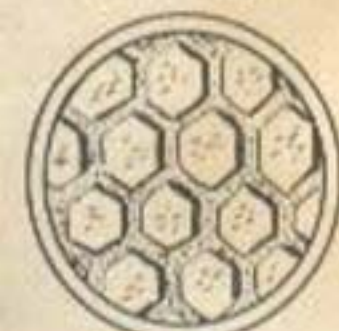
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